A sudden flurry of light envelops you, wrapping your senses in a shimmering embrace. The world around you starts to fade from the dullness of reality to a magnificent spectrum of colors; celestial hues stretching in every direction. The air feels thick with warmth, caressing your skin as though it were the tender touch of a lover. No longer do you feel the weight of your human burdens; instead, there's an exhilarating sense of lightness, as though gravity is frantically tugging at you but has no strength over your newfound essence.

As the brightness crescendos, you blink, your surroundings shifting like a painting in motion. Before you stands a sprawling ethereal city—a paradise woven of golden light and cloud-like structures that bask in the rays of a great sun, illuminating every corner. You're surrounded by radiant beings, a plethora of seraphim and cherubs gliding effortlessly above fields of billowing cotton candy clouds. The scene is intoxicating, and for a moment, your human heart beats rapidly against the backdrop of an unfamiliar paradise.

"What is… happening?" You whisper to yourself, fear etching itself on your brow as a soft ticklish sensation begins to spread throughout your being.

You take a hesitant step forward, confusion dancing in your mind. But the tickling sensation blossoms, swaying into something delightful. Each moment feels euphoric; pleasure tingles through your fingers and toes, wrapping around your spine like a warm hug. And then it begins—changes slice through you like a delicate whisper, and your body stirs with a soft thrill. You glance down, and your skin, once painted a mundane hue, is transforming to a brilliant, luminous white.

"What's happening to me?" you marvel, but as you think those words, the light comes flooding, filling you with joy. You are becoming an angel. Your cheeks redden with each passing second, two vibrant cherry circles blooming against the pale canvas of your face. The fluttering ticklishness continues to wash over you, raising the corners of your mouth into a delicate smile.

In that moment, you lose sight of your fears, allowing the comforting changes to sweep over you. Your limbs shrink slightly. You no longer feel the heaviness of muscle, but rather a feather-light form, slender yet robust. Stunning six wings sprout from your back, their massive feathered bodies glistening with a golden edge—a sight so magnificent it steals your breath away. The newfound growth gives you an imbued sense of freedom.

"Look at him! Another divine soul ascending!" a cherub nearby giggles, flitting about playfully.

And oh, how you chuckle. How can something so delightful happen without the slightest inkling of pain? You lose your human countenance—no ears, no nose. Just the perfect, smooth visage of a celestial being. You revel in the sensation, the ticklish joy of shedding your humanity; it's intoxicating. And then you toss your head back and laugh, feeling a voice melodic and pure escaping from your lips—a voice that sings light and harmony.

Your clothing morphs next, transforming seamlessly into a pristine robe that wraps around you with gentle grace. Light blue trims the flowing ensemble, hugging your slender frame. You admire the golden accents—the stars upon your chest defining your newfound angelic nature. This is right. This is where I belong.

You feel your memories slip away like grains of sand, the cherished past dissolving before your mind's eye. At first, you're reluctant; the human you seemed to remember—a barely-there presence—struggles against the swell of joy and enchantment that beckons you forward. But the more you embrace the blissful ticklish shifting of your essence, the more you laugh at your previous ties, those faded memories crumbling to nothingness.

“Was I really ever human?” you think, your thoughts swirling strangely yet beautifully.

The vivid blue of your eyes—sparkling like the sky above—takes in every enchanting detail of the heavenly realm as they shift to align, the irises sparkling with a joyful hue. You recall nothing of former pains, of mundane days dulled by the weight of mortality; all that remains is the joyous certainty that you have always belonged here, among the seraphim gliding high above.

"He’s finally awakened, the seraph has come into his own!" proclaims another angel, their voice echoing with the reassuring aura of acceptance.

Reveling in your transformation, you look around and see myriad faces, bright-eyed and full of warmth—these are your kin, the angels who birthed you, who nurtured you in the clouds above and filled your very core with the robust essence of the heavens.

As your height settles, you stand gracefully at this new stature—sensible and vibrant, somewhere between 5.4 and 5.5 feet tall—a perfect embodiment of your celestial prowess. Forever, you shall dance lightly through the atmosphere, with wings fanning the air behind you, golden halo flickering above like a beacon of love illuminated against the clear skies.

But the true power of your rebirth lies within. Your mind spins delicately, memories emerging anew—no longer tethered to the mortal coil, you know your glorious name now. You feel incredibly old, a wellspring of infinite experiences cascading through you as angels gather near, and yet you appear as a young adult—mature yet ageless, endowed with an is-like honed purpose.

“I have always been an angel,” you whisper, your laughter now enriched with sincerity. The ticklish joy radiates throughout your golden core with newfound vigor, a feeling forever embedded in the essence of your being as a heavenborn seraphim. “I embrace who I truly am!”

With your new kin around you, the harmony of heaven resonates in your chest, and every part of you gleams with angelic vitality. The embarrassment of humanity has faded entirely, now replaced with the joy and peace that Heaven brings. You spread your magnificent wings, ready to soar, ready to live, ready to love and protect—ready to embrace eternity, echoing joyously:

“I have always been an angel, and I am home.”

And with that, you take your first flight into the endless sky, your laughter trailing behind you like the joyful ringing of a celestial chime.